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NEW THOUGHT

JULY
1902

PSYCHIC CLUB
WATCHWORD

"BEFORE THE TONGUE CAN SPEAK IN THE PRESENCE OF THE MASTERS, IT MUST HAVE LOST THE POWER TO WOUND."

EDITED BY SYDNEY FLOWER & WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY
THE COLONNADES, VINCENNES AVENUE

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// New Thought. //

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At Home.*

By William Walker Atkinson.

DON'T be afraid. You're living in your own home. This Universe was built for you to inhabit—to occupy—to enjoy. Do not feel strange—make yourself at home. The wonderful laws of nature—those which have been discovered, and those which remain to be discovered—are all laws for your use, when you grow large enough to understand how to make use of them.

Did you think you were here by chance, or that you were an alien? If so, learn better. You are to the manor born—you are the heir. Everything around the place is for your use, when you grow up. No one can dispossess you—no one can put you out. You are at home.

Do you long for another home? Do you fret and chafe at the trials and troubles of this world, and imagine that somewhere else things will be better? Well, they'll never be better for you until you have met and conquered the trials and troubles of this place. You are just where you belong. You are surrounded with just the things you need. You are getting just what you deserve. And until you learn the truth of this, you will have the same surroundings—the same environments. And then when you learn that the things around you are all right—that you are being treated justly—that you are getting just what you have attracted, and are attracting, to yourself—then you will be ready for the next step in the journey, and you will have new surroundings and new environments—new tasks—new lessons—new pleasures.

I hear some of you talking about Death. You seem to think that you will be another order of being as soon as you take your last breath upon earth. You talk about being a "spirit," by-and-bye. Do I believe this? Of course, I believe it. I know it. But I also know something else, and that is that you are a spirit now, just as much as you will be in another world. Did you think that some wonderful essence was going to grow from you, and that that essence would be what you call a spirit? Nonsense! YOU are the spirit, and the not-you part which will be discarded never was you. The You which says I AM is the real thing—the real self—and the rest of you is but tools and instruments which YOU are using. Why can't you see this? You talk about "my soul," "my spirit," and so on. You make me tired. Why, the thing which is thinking and speaking—YOU—is the "soul" or "spirit" of which you are talking. You talk as if the physical part of you, which is changing continually, was you. You are like the boy with the old knife. He was continually having the knife repaired. He had had seven new blades and three new handles put on it, and yet it was the same old knife. Why, you could step right out of your body (and maybe you do, more than you have any idea of) and it would be the same old YOU. You could discard your body just as you do your clothes, and yet YOU would be the same individual. There is a wonderful difference between individuality and personality. One you cannot get rid of; the other may be changed.

What's the use in being afraid? Nobody can hurt the real YOU. You cannot be wiped out of existence. If a single spirit atom should be destroyed, the entire structure would smash up. You cannot be banished from the Universe, for there's nowhere else to put you. You cannot go outside of the Universe, for *there's no outside*. There's no place for you outside of everywhere.

And you talk about time and eternity. Why, you're in eternity right now. You are right in it this moment. It is always to-day—to-morrow never comes. And you are right at home in the Universe, and always will be. You are always there, for there's nowhere else to go.

So what's the use in being afraid? Who's going to hurt you? They can't kill YOU. They can't put you out of existence. They cannot expel you from the Universe. So what are they going to do about it, anyhow? And after all, who are "They?" You talk as if there were outside forces and influences antagonistic to you. Outside of what?

No matter what beings of earth or air there may be, they are creatures like yourself. They are all a part of the Whole Thing—all made of the same material—all come from the hand of the same maker—you are all cut from the same piece of goods. The apparent differences are illusions—the difference and separateness is only relative, and not actual.

So, make yourself at home. Take a look around and see what a nice bit of the Universe you have to live in. Some of your family have been trying to occupy the whole house instead of only their share of it, but those things are gradually working out, and all will be better within a comparatively short time. This is going to be a better world to live in when men take time to think a little. And you'll be around to enjoy it when it comes—never fear. You cannot get away, even if you want to.

And, what's the use of waiting for to-morrow. There's lots of things in which you can find happiness to-day, if you will only stop worrying about to-morrow. The little child knows more about enjoying life than you do. The little child feels at home anywhere and starts in to enjoy it, and get the most out of it, until he grows old enough to be hypnotized by the race belief.

You are at home here. Just as much at home as is the fish in the sea—the bird in the air. Realize this, and make the most of it. Stop being afraid. Stop fretting. Stop worrying. Realize that yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, you are here in the Universe. It's a good Universe, and it grows better as man grows in wisdom to take advantage of its goodness. And it is not yet "sun-up" here. Great things are before us. And you will see them and take part in them. Make yourself at home, for you're going to be around here for some time.

Marvellous Results.

Denver, Colo.

I purchased a copy of Atkinson's "Thought Force" some time ago, and have studied its lessons carefully, and have put into practice its exercises for development. I have obtained the most marvelous results from the study of this book, and the practice of these exercises. I would not be without this information for many times the price I paid for it.

SAMUEL E. CUMMINGS.

Center and Surface.

There is, at the surface, infinite variety of things; at the center there is simplicity of cause.—*Emerson*.

The Will.*

BY NANCY McKAY GORDON.

LESSON VII.

BALZAC says the WILL is fluidic, just like electricity, but far more powerful and subject to the command of Man.

Dowd says the WILL is the centerstance from which the rib of circumstance grows.

The Will is first of all powers. All prophetic inspiration comes, not by Nature, or by Man, but through the Holy Spirit and the Divine WILL. Every man's WILL is known by his life. Man can be what he WILLS to be! There is but the ONE WILL in the Universe, and that is the God-WILL, just as there is but One Mind, that the God-Mind. Every child born into the world receives as a gift a spark of this God-WILL! It is to be used at his command, directed by his desire.

The WILL is developed by concentration, and the WILL that rules must be drilled and trained and held to its object through concentration. Thought and WILL rule the Universe. Thought sent forth with conscious WILL-power is a dynamic force. Every thought is forever united to its center, or the source from which it sprang; every thought has within it a seed that will bring forth its own fruit and that fruit must be eaten by the one who sows the seed. To reap what one sows does not seem such a hard thing to do, but to eat the fruit of an ill-sown harvest is unpalatable. None like to put into the mouth that which will pucker the lips or leave a bitter taste.

According to the development of the WILL, will be the strength of the new center established day after day. For wherever an individual finds himself when awakened, there must his work begin. No one can hope to rise higher and higher, save by training the WILL. To live in the animal nature and expect to be emancipated by some unseen power is against every law, either spiritual or natural. All progress must be made from within by the law of the WILL. Man's Will may grow upward, becoming purified, white like a lily, or downward, becoming a mere root. The one seeks the light, the other the darkness. We are often slow to admit that this WILL is in all things. But if we watch the roots of a tree, following their direction toward a distant spring, we cannot fail to be impressed with the manifestation of something akin to in-

telligence and Will-power. The roots make no mistake in direction. In Man we call this intelligence guided by WILL—what shall we call it in a tree?

Paul, the great initiate, begins and ends his writing with instructions concerning the WILL. The WILL cannot be trained by another—soul must discippline soul. Neither can books take the place of self-training; no outer force can do this, for the REAL self belongs to the inner world, hence the light comes from within. Personal Will may be dominated by another, but the individual or developed Will can only be guided by its Divine Source. The one belongs to the objective world and is ruled by sense objects; the other is Sovereign, because it belongs to the subjective mind.

There is, as has been said, but ONE WILL, and the personal or human Will is but an expression of the ONE WILL. This Divine Will is the eternal condition attached to every human life, and each man, by his thought, word and deed, determines his own destiny and decides his own future. The soul placed within us by the Creator is meant to be fostered by Man's unfettered WILL. The question may be asked, why has our WILL been left free and unfettered? And the answer must be, in order that we may serve the GOOD and the True through choice. The force of the WILL cannot be restrained nor constrained by God HIMSELF! He elects us to serve through choice and not through compulsion. It is the Law that Man work out his own salvation. There is no compulsion, only Divine Love. Faith and doubt are equally voluntary acts; the one is the intuition of the immortal soul, and the other the tendencies of material instinct. The WILL decides which of the two shall conquer.

WILL is neither good nor bad in itself, only according to the way it is used and directed. The Will decides the soul's destiny, whether this body shall become its prison or its Temple. To get the greatest expression of WILL, the training must be along the lines of attention, concentration and meditation. Cultivating the habit of attention is the first rule. Never do anything automatically. If you find that you are dropping into the automatic method of thought, go back and do your thinking over again. If engaged in some act, such as blacking boots or sweeping a room, do it with all your conscious energy, incorporating all fullness of determination in the action. Remember in all training unless the mind is fixed upon what you are doing, it availeth nothing and you fail to express your most divine and inner self.

This training in its effect on soul-building is of more importance than any kind of physical work, or anything that can be applied on the material plane for the unfoldment of the soul. It is through discipline that the soul comes up to the mountain top, and there hears the voices of the Heavenly Choir, announcing the coming Christ, who, when born into every soul, symbolizes the Divine WILL!

The foundation of all training rests on two pillars of the Temple—Attention and Repetition—and out of this comes the fixedness of habit, which is the WILL in conscious action!

The Weary Scholar.*

By William Walker Atkinson.

YOU are tired, little fellow-scholar in the Kindergarten. You are weary of the tasks—the games—the songs—the exercises—you are tired of it all. You want to go home. Ah, little one, I know how you feel—I know the soul-weariness—the deadly lethargy that comes over us all at such times. It seems to be a necessary part of it all—but we soon pass from under the cloud, and are brighter than ever.

I remember well, when I attended a little school in the country, how the summer days would seem so long—so monotonous—so dreary. The windows were up, and I would look out at the blue sky—feel the refreshing breeze as it crept in and stirred the pages of my book—see the trees in the cool woods in the distance—listen to the drowsy hum of the chance bee which had wandered in to see the strange spectacle of little boys, born for freedom, sitting in rows at desks, learning lessons which to them, and to the bee, seemed useless. I remember that about an hour before the afternoon session closed, a sunbeam would come in at a particular part of the room, and then slowly—Oh, how slowly—would creep toward the edge of a particular desk. When it reached that desk the gong would sound, and we would be free once more. How I would watch that primitive sun-dial registering the minutes—how slowly the moments crept past. One day, I forgot to look at the sunbeam, and before I knew it the gong struck. Then I realized that the closer I watched the sunbeam, the slower the time went. After that I never would look to see what time it was, and the school-hours seemed a great deal shorter. There's a lesson in this, but that is not what I intended to talk about.

As the boy in school chafes under the discipline and rebels at the lessons given

line to learn, so do we grown-ups fret and complain at the lessons given us in the School of Life. But mark ye! as we now look back upon the school-days of our childhood, so will we, some day, look back upon the lessons and school-hours of our grown-up life. And as we now suffer because we shirked certain lessons of childhood days, and are hindered in our progress because of the unlearned lessons of the past, so will some of us look back and regret that we did not learn our lessons of Life when it was easier for us, instead of waiting until it grew so much harder.

Do not think that you can shirk the lesson. If you do not meet it now, you must later on. Better face it now, when you can master it easily, rather than wait until the learning is more difficult. Don't you see, these lessons of Life are all for your development and growth? They are blessings in disguise. Smile in the face of Fate, and lo! she embraces you as a sweetheart. You are in no world of chance. Things are not run haphazard. There is a meaning in everything. We cannot see it all now, in this our childish stage of development, but we know that there is LOVE back of it all—know that there is REASON underlying the whole plan.

Let us learn to part with Fear, and to take Faith and Confidence as our traveling companions, as we journey along the road of Life. Let us pluck up Courage and be willing to trust ourselves to the Infinite Power which has us all in full sight. Life is growth and development—expansion and unfoldment. Let the Life forces play through us, invigorating and strengthening us. Let us learn our lessons and then pass on to the next class.

Worry not, fellow-scholars in the Kindergarten. The Teacher is loving, even when apparently chiding us—while She looks stern and offended, it is as much as She can do to refrain from throwing her arms around us and drawing us close to Her bosom, and kissing away our childish tears. Smile in Her face, through your tears, little playmate, and let Her know that you trust Her. Nestle up as close to Her as you can, and you will find that She does not shrink away from you. Do not do this from Fear, or to avoid a chiding, but because you Love her. Do this and you will see the love-light in her eyes—will feel the longing to possess you that is consuming her soul. Be honest with her, and do not try to conceal your faults. She will understand—for is she not your Mother as well as your Teacher? And the Mother-love is always with you—enveloping you. You cannot escape it, for in it you live and move and have your being.

So come, little one, let us weave our mats—sing our songs—build our blocks—go through our game-tasks. It's as much play as work, if we but look at it in the right way. Come! let's join the others in the school-room.

The Power of Thought.*

By Uriel Buchanan

ALL that we see is a symbol of that which we cannot see. Every conceivable form is the result of an aggregation of cells containing the Divine Spark. The primary cell is the same in the stone, the plant, the bird, the man. There is an unbroken gradation of life from the microscopic drop of protoplasm in the fertile egg of the tiniest insect, to the perfect composite man. The force which imprisons the cell in the rock is the same that controls the heart's ceaseless beating, holds the planets in their orbits and feeds the quenchless flame of suns. The destructive elements reduce the rock to dust; the dust becomes soil, from which the tiny seeds draw nourishment and strength to send forth their tender shoots into the air and sunlight. The vegetable life is eaten by man, the cells become flesh and blood, and are finally transmuted into the most refined elements of nervous force and thought potency.

The evolutionary impulse in every cell urges it forward to higher and still higher forms of expression. It reaches the human plane, and becomes subservient to the power of mind. The mind weaves from the innumerable cells a structure corresponding in beauty and strength, or ugliness and weakness, to the positive or negative thoughts of the individual. Sudden fright turns the face pale, contracts the cells, retards digestion, paralyzes the muscles and affects injuriously the entire system. Despondent, irritable, worried thought will poison the blood, ruin the complexion, and mark the face with lines and creases. While if we hold persistently to our highest ideal of health and beauty, strength, courage and happiness, we become powerful magnets to draw to us and make manifest the things desired. We surround ourselves by association kindred to our thoughts. Adverse environments and unpleasant influences come as the result of negative states of mind, allowing the discordant currents sent out by the unawakened and undeveloped to take control of our moods and to influence our actions.

Keep yourself positive, and banish all unwelcome thoughts that seek entrance

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Study yourself, your relation to environment, your desires and possibilities. Surround yourself by those who have kindred desires and talents. Strengthen your forces by keeping in magnetic touch with those who can help you to realize your ideals. There is no one thing in life, within the range of possibility, which you cannot accomplish, if you will recognize the power and efficiency of well directed thought, supported by unwavering faith, resolution and persistent desire. You should recognize every permanent desire as being a prophecy of its final fulfillment. To say, "Impossible, I cannot reach the goal of my ambition," is to erect the only real barrier between you and ultimate success. When you say, "I can and I will," you have already achieved victory within your mind. And this thought, if held to continuously, will insure its final realization on the objective plane.

Keep in touch with the thought current of all that is helpful and inspiring. Keep the mind filled with bright and cheerful thoughts. Avoid selfish and sordid people, and all surroundings which have a depressing influence. Do not dwell on the past with its mistakes and disappointments, and have no fear concerning the future, for your life is in the keeping of a faithful power, and if you are true to the highest and best, in the light of the knowledge that is given you, all will be well.

Banish fear, and invoke the spirit of courage to give you strength in the hour of trial. Fear is the canker worm of happiness. It steals away man's better judgment and makes him cringe and crawl where he should walk with head erect and free. There is nothing to fear. The worst that can happen is death; and death we have no reason to fear when we learn that the mind is free in its omniscience. The real self is an inseparable part of that life which extends from the everlasting to the everlasting. To this self there is no disease or misfortune, no pain or sorrow. It is untouched by "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." Beyond the cloud-land and the shadow is the real self, which cannot be affected by anything we do or leave undone. Place your reliance here. Sink your thoughts down to the center of contemplation in the still depths, where you will come face to face with the Infinite Power. There you will find the sanctuary where the Divine and human blend. There you will find refuge from the tumult of the world and will gain strength to go forth with living power which will drive from you all that is morbid and weak. Then you will realize that you already dwell in eternity, in the real, and that the glowing dream you have had of the future of some mystical world beyond the skies, may be realized here and now. Then every sense will become alive to the beauties and realities of the eternal present. Then you will know that every tree and plant and flower, the landscape, the ocean and the vaulted heaven, as well as every human being, live in the radiance of Divine Love, Truth and Goodness. And when you feel this to be true, there is no limit to the power you may draw to you for the accomplishment of the things desired.

Gratifying Results.

Lexington, Neb., June 7, 1902.

Columbia College of Osteopathy, Chicago, Ill.

Gents:—Yours of May 28 is still unanswered I see. I have been trying to see a gentleman patient that I cured of what the doctors (M. D.) called appendicitis. I cured him for $10. I was called to see a lady some time during the month of April last, that the (Regular) was talking of performing an operation upon—gave her one treatment—she is in perfect health to-day. I cured a man of seminal weakness, constipation and stomach trouble at an expense of $100. That is the most money I have received from any one patient. I have been practicing Osteopathy since last August. Do not wish to give names of the parties to the public, but any one writing me can obtain the names. My daughter cured a case of inflammatory rheumatism in six treatments. I am expecting a patient Monday from the West, who has Rheumatism very bad. I expect to cure him in about two months. I think your course is very good and will willingly recommend it to any one wishing to take up the work.

Yours for humanity, C. H. FAY.

P. S.—I am not trying to work up a high-priced practice. A reasonable recompense is sufficient.

Violation of Law.

We violate law upon the moral, psychical or physical plane—or all of them—and then complain of the kindly penalty which inherently comes to arouse and free us from ourselves. We then look about for a "scapegoat," and find one either in "Providence," chance, contagion, or possibly Satan. Let us cease the creation and multiplication of evil, disease and abnormity, for they are all man-made. They are negative educational experiences during the process of evolution. Our knowledge, especially of ourselves, is yet but partial, and we learn through mistakes. The moral order is perfect and beneficent. To regard it otherwise is like shutting out the light at noon-day.—Henry Wood.

The Higher Life. (?)*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

I HAVE just finished reading an interesting letter from a correspondent. She has some very advanced ideas and her philosophy is not only clear, but practical. She is one of the kind who remembers that her feet are on the ground, even if at times her thoughts soar to the highest planes. She remembers that she is on earth and has a body, even while fully recognizing the fact that her Real Self is Spirit. She maintains the balance that so many find difficult. One of the things she says, starts me thinking. Here it is: "I once poured out my perplexity to a Divine Scientist, hoping that she might explain. The onslaught was such a 'holding a Wrong Thought,' that she could not get the right one, and became positively ill. The 'self-life,' for which she reproved me, enabled me to procure a dressmaker and some money for her, and helped her to go to another 'Scientist' home, where the 'atmosphere' was different. I can see nothing irreligious in remembering that two and two make four, and it seems to me to be just as 'scientific' to do the work at which I am employed, and by which I support myself, and quite as 'divine,' as to 'go into the silence,' while somebody else cooks, and washes the dishes, and sweeps and makes all tidy by the time the 'scientist' comes out of the silence again."

Good for you, sister! This is just what I have been saying to some of my New Thought friends recently. There are many people in our line of thought who have simply changed their mental garments and are not a bit better by the change. The same old self with its selfishness is there. It is simply a more refined form of selfishness, masquerading under the name of Higher Life. And this refined form of selfishness is the more dangerous because of its subtle form. We turn our back on what we have been calling selfishness, and believe that we are leading the life of the Spirit, but the same old narrowness and bigotry and selfish desires are there, dressed in more elegant apparel.

There are many people who think that *Spiritual* means the same thing as *spirituelle*, and therefore start to grow *spirituelle*, believing that they are thus growing in spiritual understanding. There is quite a difference in the real meaning of these two words. The *spirituelle* person may be most unspiritual, and the spiritual person may present outward appearances most directly opposed to those of the person who is *spirituelle*. There's nothing very *spirituelle* about Tolstoy. And there's very little of the spiritual about some of these *spirituelle* New Thought women, who, while saying "All is Good," and "All is One," draw aside their skirts for fear of being contaminated by the touch of the garment of some one not in their set. And there is very little of the spiritual about some of these *spirituelle* New Thought men, who, while claiming to lead the "Christ Life," lose no opportunity of flinging mud at their New Thought brothers or sisters who may happen to differ from them, or of whose success they may be jealous.

I know of a most *spirituelle* woman, who is continually sitting in her home of ease and "going into the silence," and holding the thought for Success. She frequently tells of how she is leading the life of the Spirit and of the wonderful manifestations of Success that are coming to her. She seems to have a perfect horror of the world's workers, considering them "too gross to mention," "too material," etc. This all sounds very nice, until one looks to see just how this wonderful success comes to her. Then it is discovered that she has a husband of whom people see very little—he is too busy "hustling" to be much in evidence to his wife's friends, and then is "so material, you know," that it would not do for him to be seen. This man is a "money-grubber," of the most approved type, and he fully believes that the end justifies the means in business life—and he practices what he believes. He is known to his business associates as a man who scruples at nothing in making a dollar, and some tales are told of him which would create a sensation if related in print. Now, I have no particular fault to find with this man. He is the effect of certain causes, and is merely a product of the present economic and social conditions, and the selfishness of the age. He is doing the best he knows how—and he is consistent, at least.

This man was telling me, recently, about his wife's "spirituality." He was very frank. He said, among other things: "Now, for instance, my wife wants a seal-skin coat. She tells me about it frequently until I feel that I must get it for her in order to keep peace, and then she 'goes into the silence' about it when I am away. (When I am home there is very little of the 'silence' about her so long as that seal-skin is on her mind.) Well, she 'holds the thought' for the seal-skin, and I have to 'skin' some poor devil in order to make the money to buy it for her. Then she goes to her noon-day meetings and tells what a wonderful manifestation she has had, and advises all of her sisters to lead the life of the Spirit. I do the stealing for her, and she gives the credit to the 'Higher Life.' Funny, isn't it?"

Then I know a number of very *spirit-*

uelle young women who devoutly attend all the meetings—and allow their mothers to do all the housework and sewing and all the rest of it. Washing dishes is not sufficiently "soulful" for them—so they let Mother do it, while they sit easily in their Morris chairs reading "In Tune with the Infinite." And I know some men who rise in meetings and tell what "beautiful lives" they are leading—well, their wives could give some interesting testimony on that point, if they were not cowed and had not their spirit broken by a systematic course of selfishness and hoggishness on the part of the man who was leading such a "beautiful life."

These people do not know what "spiritual" means. Their New Thought is all in the heads, and has not reached their hearts yet. They will have to learn their lesson all over again, some day—somewhere. New Thought is not a sentimental, or emotional experience. It is not a thing to be kept safely caged in the upper part of the brain. It is a live, practical thing, that can be taken out-of-doors into the workshop, the counting-room, the street, and put into practice. The spiritual man can be spiritual when his face is smudged with coal dust, and his arms red and sunburnt—the spiritual woman can be just as spiritual when she is washing dishes as when she is addressing the noon-day meeting, and if she thinks one is more spiritual than the other she has lots to learn. There was more "soul" in old Walt Whitman, with his red face and white beard—his open collar—his appearance of having the bark on him—than in scores of these namby-pampy "soulful" men and women, who try to imagine that they are living among the clouds, and who shudder and look reproachfully at you when you venture to assert that their feet are really on the ground, and that they have real, live bodies under their draperies.

Unless this New Thought is carried out in Life, it is good for nothing. If it is only for the idler, the work-shirker, the parasite, I want none of it,—take it away. It's got to be as applicable to my washerwoman as it is to me, or I won't have it. If it is beyond the life of the day-laborer, it's beyond me. But, thank God, the *real* New Thought isn't above *anybody*, and that's why I like it. There's no danger of it falling into the hands of a trust,—there's too much of it around to be cornered. Don't be afraid to enter its ranks because you happen to be "plain." You can attain the highest planes of spirituality, without ever knowing what the word *spirituelle* means. Spirituality is not inconsistent with blue-flannel shirts, jean trousers, and hide boots, and "common school learnin'." The New Thought is made for everyday use, and it is not intended to be carefully put away in the closets of the mind to be used only on high-days and holidays. Take it with you when you go to work. Take it with you when you go to play. Take it with you everywhere. It's a good thing to have about you. It will never wear out, and is always as good as new.

The Higher Life is not a life which builds fences around itself and shuts out all except the favored few. It is, on the contrary, a life which takes into account all things, all people, and recognizes their interdependence and relationship. It is a life which *sees* Good in all as well as *says* it. It is a life which both sees and feels the reality of the Oneness of all—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. And moreover, it does not even consider itself *higher*, as the word is generally used. It sees itself as more highly developed—more fully unfolded—than the old life, but it does not look back upon the old life as a foul thing, for it sees all things as a part of a mighty plan, and all conditions as necessary stages of development. Try to lead the Higher Life, but be sure you get the *real thing* and do not let them force a miserable counterfeit upon you.

The Friendly Hand.

When a man ain't got a cent an' he's
feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an'
won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a
feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a
friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes
the teardrops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of your heart.
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you
don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a
friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,
with its honey an' its gall,
With its cares an' bitter crosses; but a
good world, after all.
An' a good God must have made it—
least ways, that's what I say
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a
friendly sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Within.

Outward things are not in my power; to will is in my power. Where shall I see the Good, and where the Evil? Within me—in all that is my own.—*Epictetus.*

Braidism in the Treatment of Diseases.*

From the Note-Book of James Braid.

(Continued.)

[This series of extracts from James Braid's Note-Book was begun in the December number of this magazine, and will continue each month throughout the year. Mr. Braid's method was given in full in the December number, copies of which we have always on hand.]

RHEUMATISM is another affection, for the relief of which I have found Braidism a most valuable remedy. I have met with some cases of Rheumatism, however, which have resisted this, as they have every other method tried; and others, where it afforded only temporary relief; but I am warranted in saying, that I have, on the whole, seen far more success, more rapid and decided relief, follow this mode of treatment, than any other. It has been chiefly in chronic cases in which I have tried it. In its application, I first induce the sommolent state, and then call into action the different muscles which I consider directly affected, or which, by being so-called into action, are calculated to change the capillary circulation and nervous sensibility of the part implicated. The patient must be retained in such a position a longer or shorter time, according to circumstances. The following cases will illustrate the effects of this mode of treatment:

Case XXIX. Joseph Barnet, near Hope Inn, Heaton Norris, Stockport, 62 years of age, called to consult me on the 10th of December, 1841, for a severe Rheumatic affection of the back, hip and leg, of thirteen years' standing, which had been so severe, that he had not been able to earn a day's wages during that period. He had been equally a stranger to comfort by day, as to refreshing sleep by night. He came to me leaning feebly over his stick, suffering anguish at every step or movement of his body. He was treated at the commencement of his complaint by a surgeon; but feeling no relief, like many others similarly affected, he had recourse to all sorts of nostrums, and also to hot salt water baths. I treated him, placing him in such attitudes as his particular case required, and in fifteen minutes aroused him, when he was able to bend his body freely, and not only to walk, but even to run. He called on me a few days after, when he stated that he had slept comfortably, and been perfectly easy from the time he left me till the night before. I treated him again with advantage, and a few more times sufficed to restore him entirely. This patient was seen, and bore testimony to these facts, at two of my lectures. After one of them, from being too late for the coach, he walked home, a distance of six miles. This was by no means prejudicious, but proves incontestably his great improvement.

I was not at that time so well aware, as I have been since, of the great power of Braidism in such cases, and therefore ordered him some medicine after the first operations; but from observing that the relief immediately followed the operation before taking medicine, and that the pain returned in some degree the night before next visit, and when, had there been benefit resulting from the medicine, it ought to have been diminished after using it, and that relief was again afforded during the treatment, I felt convinced the medicine had no share in the improvement, and therefore discontinued it, and trusted entirely to Braidism. In the beginning of January, 1842, when this patient called on me, he was so well, that I told him farther operations would be unnecessary for the present, but, added, that should he have any relapse, if he called on me again, I would treat him, without charge, of which offer he promised to avail himself.

At my lecture on the 27th of December, 1841, several questions were put which elicited the following answers: "Do you mean to say that you were never so well as you are now?" "Yes; I never earned two shillings during all that time. This last winter I was worse than ever!" "Did you walk, sir, before you left my surgery, without taking any medicine?" "I did, and ran, too." See Manchester Gardian, 1st January, 1842.

I heard nothing farther of this patient for about seven months, and therefore, after the offer I made him at the last visit, had every reason to conclude that he had remained well. However, it appears he had a relapse shortly after he left me, and his family, upon whose exertions he depended, being out of work, he could not afford to pay the railway charge for coming to see me again. His relapse having been laid hold of, and construed into a charge against me as having falsely represented his case, I was induced to call on the patient, accompanied by two friends, when he furnished us with the following document:

"Joseph Barnet, Providence Street, Heaton Norris, had suffered from a severe Rheumatic affection, prior to last December, when he applied to Mr. Braid. He was first under the care of Mr. —, Higher Hillgate, who bled, blistered and prescribed medicines for him; but the complaint remained unabated

From this period, took various medicines, and other means recommended to him by those who had been similarly afflicted, and who considered he would be benefited by such means as had relieved them, but received no relief. After that applied to Mr. — of Manchester, from whom he considered he derived benefit for a fortnight; but the pain returning, he went to Liverpool to the warm baths, where he remained as long as money lasted, but without being relieved.

"From this tried various means as recommended by different parties. During the whole of this period he had never been able to earn a day's wages. When he applied to Mr. Braid in December last (1841), had been suffering extreme pain in every movement of the body; in short, he had walked nearly double, supported on a stick. He was operated on by Mr. Braid, and in a quarter of an hour he was roused, and found himself able to walk and run. At first, Mr. Braid walked him about by the hand, and afterwards made him run without any assistance whatever, as his wife and others present can testify. The case as stated by Mr. Braid in his lectures in my (his) presence were perfectly correct, as I (he) bore testimony to at the time. Owing to being unable to pay the expenses of the railway, he did not return to Mr. Braid when he had a recurrence of the pain. He had never informed Mr. Braid that he had had a recurrence of the pain, and never saw him afterwards until the evening of the 26th July, 1852.

(Signed.)

"JOSEPH (his X mark) BARNET.
"J. A. WALKER.
"THOMAS BROWN.
"HARAIT BROOKS,
(Daughter of J. Barnet.)"

Case XXX. Eleventh January, 1840. Mrs. B., 48 years of age. Catamenia ceased last spring. Has suffered from a severe Rheumatic affection for the last three months, and been confined for the last two months to her bedroom. The legs, arms, neck and head were excessively painful, so that the slightest movement was attended with great agony. She was quite alarmed at my taking hold of her arm to feel the pulse. When in bed could not turn over, nor bear the slightest touch. Eleventh January, 1842, treated her, and roused her in ten minutes, when she was quite free from pain, being able to walk, stoop, and move the arms, wrists, and fingers with perfect freedom. Twelfth, had slept comfortably all night; had been able to lie on her side, which she could not do before for three months; could raise from her chair, and move legs and arms without pain. There was, however, a soreness or uneasy feeling, although not amounting to pain, in some parts of the limbs. Treated her for eight minutes, when she felt less of the numbness, and followed me downstairs and ascended them again, without taking hold of the banister, and taking the steps regularly and cleverly, with both feet alternately. Fourteenth, found her downstairs enjoying herself with her husband, father and friends, almost quite well. Treated her again and also in a day or two after, and she had no recurrence of the rheumatism, although a degree of stiffness of the limbs remained. She had no medicine from me until the rheumatism was gone, when she had some for a different complaint. This patient was seen at my house seven months after by about sixty friends, including several professional gentlemen, when the above statement was read in her presence, and confirmed by her as correct to that time; and as I have heard no intimation, I feel assured that she has not had a relapse.

Case XXXI. Mrs. S. has been already referred to, Case VI. She had suffered much from rheumatism for many years, and had never been entirely free of it, notwithstanding she had undergone much treatment. After first operation she was much relieved, and after a few more was entirely free from pain. It has recurred occasionally since, but has always been removed by one or two more operations of the same sort, which are neither painful, nor in any way unpleasant.

Case XXXII. Another rheumatic case of a patient 53 years old, of seven years' standing, where sleep had not only been courted by exhausted nature, but also by the most powerful doses of narcotic drugs; on one occasion 400 drops of laudanum had been taken in two hours; still the pains continued, and yet by fifteen minutes of induced sleep, procured by the simple agency I recommend, this patient was relieved from his agonizing pains. In this case from my knowledge of the eminence of the professional gentleman who had prescribed for him, I feel assured every known remedy had been resorted to, but without effect, and yet this agency succeeded in a few minutes. This patient had suffered severely for seven years; was first treated by me 10th February, 1842, and again on the 17th and 19th. He seemed as nearly as possible entirely free from pain, and had suffered very little after the first operation, less than at any previous period during the seven years he had been a rheumatic subject. I have lately heard he had a relapse some time after I last saw him; but no reasonable person could expect three operations should have sufficed to eradicate such an obstinate complaint perma-

nently; most probably a repetition of the process would.

Case XXXIII. Mr. John Thomas, 155 Deansgate, consulted me at the end of April, 1842, for a severe rheumatic affection of the loins, and right hip and leg, which had continued for two weeks. Had a Rheumatic fever two years before, which confined him to bed for sixteen days, and to his room for a week longer; and he did not get rid of the pains for three months after he was able to go out, although he tried Buxton and Matlock baths, and also the medicated and sulphur baths in Manchester. When he called on me (April, 1842), I treated him, and when aroused he was almost entirely free from pain, and never required a repetition of the operation. He had no medicine. On the 28th July he called on me to say he had continued quite well in every respect from the time he was treated and attested the same, and the correctness of the above statement, by appending his name to it in my case-book, and he has also been seen by many professional and other friends who can bear testimony to the same effect. He continued well when I saw him lately.

(To be continued.)

Far Ahead of Others.

Goslingville, Fla.

Mr. Atkinson's course in this science is the best I have ever read or studied, although I have studied a large number, in fact, I have spent all my spare time in the last three years studying all the New Thought methods of different kinds. I have diploma after diploma, but I have a better understanding of magnetism from your course than from any other I have read. I have read and carefully studied Baron Von Reichenbach's Researches on Magnetism (printed 1845), in which investigation he was assisted by Baron Von Liebig and Prof. Wohler, but this required a great deal of study before even a little benefit could be obtained, although this work is generally conceded to be the best ever written on the subject. But Mr. A.'s course is far ahead of the above mentioned work and is much more easily understood. I recommend it to any person desiring to study the science of Personal Magnetism and kindred subjects.

THOMAS J. DE STEUBEN.

All Things Good.

To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine. For the eye is fastened on the life, and slights the circumstance.—*Emerson.*

About My New Book.

Many of my friends have written me, inquiring about the new book which I am writing. I find it impossible to answer them all in detail, so think it best to say a few words about it in the columns of the journal.

The new book will be called "THE LAW OF THE NEW THOUGHT," and will be an attempt to state clearly and plainly the principles underlying the New Thought Movement—the theory and practice. I will get as near as possible to the heart of the subject, and will give my idea of the "thingness of things" in as simple, plain and practical a manner as is possible.

There seems to be need of a book of this kind, both for those who are investigating the New Thought, and for those who wish a clear statement of those things which they feel to be true, but yet find so hard to express in words or to explain to others. How often is the question asked us: "But what *is* this New Thought, anyhow?" and how difficult is it for us to answer it. I will tatempt to place the matter before you in such a manner that you will be able to answer this question satisfactorily to yourself and your inquiring friend.

I consider that in the New Thought every man and woman may find a philosophy of life that will make them stronger and better people. It will help them to understand the "whyness of things"—help them to solve the problem of existence. It will teach them what they are and what they may become. It will teach them something of the wonderful powers latent within them—will teach them how to unfold and develop and grow. It is not a "fad" but is a sign-post pointing out The Path of Attainment. Those who have found this Path will never wish to leave it to return to the old road from which they have branched off.

In this new book, I am trying to make plain the first steps of this Path—am trying to make the story so plain that it may be understood by every man, woman and child. I feel that I have a message to deliver, and I am trying to deliver it in as plain and practical form as possible. There will be no fancy verbal trimmings to this book. It will be plain and to the point. And it will be just a little different from any book on the subject ever written—not better, perhaps, just "different."

"THE LAW OF THE NEW THOUGHT" will be ready some time in August. It will be handsomely bound in a stiff cloth cover, and will sell for one dollar, postpaid.

WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

The Flower Food Remedy Company.

By Sydney Flower.

YOUR quick response to the proposition made you last month in these pages show me that even more of our readers are interested in the Flower Food Remedy Company as a first-class investment than in the Flower Health Cigar; successful as the latter is, and will be. The prejudice on the part of New Thought people against countenancing the use of tobacco in any form is quite natural, and I was not surprised to find that the Flower Food Remedy Company evoked greater enthusiam and support.

We have incorporated the Flower Health Cigar Company for $250,000.00, and your stock certificates will be mailed you in the course of a few days from Detroit.

We have incorporated the Flower Food Remedy Company for one million dollars, and your stock certificates will be mailed you in the course of a few days from Chicago.

Stock in the Flower Health Cigar is withdrawn from sale. Stock in the Flower Food Remedy Company is offered you *for this month only* at 2 cents a share. Not less than 500 shares sold to anyone. Ten dollars buys 500 shares. Let me advise you to buy 5,000 shares this month, and if you can do it, make it 10,000. It will pay you. It is the biggest thing in America to-day. In addition to the food remedies already put upon the market and which are advertised in this number of New Thought, we will have ready during July the following preparations, each of which is put up in the best and most perfect manner: Flower's Pure Food Soap; a pure medicated soap for the face. The best soap for the toilet. Price, 25 cents postpaid.

Flower's Complexion Food Tablets, for all skin eruptions, blackheads, pimples, blemishes and eczema, etc. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.

Flower's Kidney Food. The best remedy for Kidney and Bladder troubles, including all forms of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Cystitis and Backache. Price, $1.00 postpaid.

Flower's Pimple Lotion: A remedy to apply outwardly, which completely removes unsightly pimples and blotches on the face. Price, $1.00 per bottle, postpaid.

These will be put out during July. During August we shall put upon the market:—

Flower's Comfort Oil: The best liniment for pains, sprains and aches of all kinds. Price, 50 cents a bottle, postpaid.

Flower's Cough Balsam: A food for throat and lungs. Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and all inflamed conditions of the throat and lungs. Price, 50 cents a bottle, postpaid.

Flower's Anti-Rheumatic Tablets: A marvel in the treatment of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout and Sciatica. Price, 50 cents a box, postpaid.

During September three of our most important remedies will be ready, namely:—

Flower's Food for the Brain and Nerves. To feed the Brain and Nerves and restore nerve force. Stops waste, rebuilds and rejuvenates. Makes a clear brain. Cures nervous exhaustion in all its forms. Allays nervousness from any cause. Particularly recommended for Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis and Multiple Neuritis. Price, $1.00 per bottle, postpaid.

Flower's Food for the Blood: The best Blood Purifier. Cures Blood Poison, Old Sores, Ulcers, Carbuncles, Sore Throat, Sore Mouth, Eczema and Scrofulous Taint. Guaranteed to cure the worst forms of blood poison after all else fails. Makes rich pure blood, bright eyes, and a clear skin. Price, $1.00, postpaid.

Flower's Food for the Hands: Makes the hands soft and plump. Specially made for the whitening, softening and developing of lean, bony hands. It is a specific for rough, chapped hands, and removes the disfigurements of the hands caused by dishwater and washing compounds, soda, etc. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.

These are just a few—the first dozen or so—of the 50 remedies we shall put out as fast as we can get them ready. If you go into this business with us, as an investor, you will not find yourself in the company of slow people. Things can't move too fast for us, and if one remedy can make a millionaire of its owner, what will 50 remedies do for the stockholders in this company?

It will take a year before we get our full head of steam on. It will take a year at least to get all our products on the market. Whenever we have disposed of as much stock as we care to part with we shall shut off and withdraw the stock from public sale. We reserve the right to do this without notice, returning the cash sent in by stock-subscribers who delayed too long.

Only one-third of our stock is offered for sale. Get some of it while you can.

Stock advances August 1st.

If you ask me for a reason for the confidence I have in this business as a money-producer, I can give it in a few words:

I do not know of a single instance where a good remedy, properly backed by capital, failed to make its exploiter rich; and I do not know of any remedies upon the market to-day, which can compete, point for point, with the Flower Food Remedies. Our remedies are the best. We have only to make them known. We can do that.

In a year from to-day I will repeat some of the prophecies made above for your benefit, and the burden of my harangue will be: "I told you so. Why didn't you buy when I told you to buy?" If I am making a mistake at all, it is in your favor. If anything, a million dollars is too small a capitalization for this undertaking. I should not be afraid to work this on a basis of five millions invested, because we have all America and Canada for our field. Nothing is too big for me to handle, but your profits will come in quicker on a safe capitalization. If you don't want all the stock we have for sale, it's all right. I can take my shares elsewhere to market, but if you're wise, you will double and treble your holdings. You who have already bought, and you who have not yet done so, will do well to buy now. I bank everything on this business.

A Good Report.

Lead, S. D., June 3, 1902.

Columbia College of Osteopathy, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—In reply to yours of the 27th of May, will give you an account of the first two cases I had; that is, treating by osteopathy. The first was a case of piles. The man had been sick with them for a month; that is, with protruding piles. I treated him without making an examination, and in a week they went back, and have not troubled him since, and that was last winter. The other was a case of tonsilitis. He had been up to see an M. D., this was on Saturday, and was told to come back the next Sunday and have his throat lanced. He came to me on Tuesday, and when Sunday came he was well; the swelling had all gone. My fees are two dollars at the house and three when I go out.

Yours respectfully,
ENOS E. SANDBERG, D. O.

The Object of Life.

I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is for itself and not for a spectacle. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows, any secondary testimony.—*Emerson.*

Self-Healing by Thought Force.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

(Fifth Article.)

I WISH to say a few words to you, this month, about Nervousness.

When we look about us, we see scores of people suffering from an abnormal condition of the nervous system. This has been called the "American Disease," because it is apparently more prevalent here than in other lands, although it is found wherever people worry. Worry and Fear are at the base of Nervousness, and when these two monsters are driven forth the patient makes rapid recovery. The trouble is that the patient suffering from Nervousness is generally in such a weakened condition that it is hard for him to make use of the forces within him which will enable him to get rid of the sources of his trouble. But it *can* be done.

The first thing to be done by the patient suffering from this complaint is to start to work to cultivate thoughts of Hope, Confidence, Courage, and Strength. The only practical and effective way to get rid of negative thoughts is to grow other ones—positive ones—in their place. The positive thoughts, if kept well watered and sunned, will grow rapidly and will invariably crowd out the foul negative weeds of the mind which have been causing all the trouble. It is hard work to tear out these negative thoughts and the best way is to crowd them out by the pressure of the growing, positive, bright plants of Hope and Courage. Start to work to-day to grow these positive plants, and see that they receive constant attention.

The constant use of the proper Autosuggestions or Affirmations will grow within one's mind the strongest and hardiest kind of positive thoughts. And as these positive thoughts grow and wax strong, the negative thoughts will gradually die away. Just as does the light drive away the darkness, so will the strong, vigorous products of the mind crowd out and stifle the miserable mental growths—Fear and Worry. And when Fear and Worry have been crowded out, all the rest of the weeds will die. Hate, Anger, Jealousy, Malice, Envy, Covetousness, will disappear, and the mental garden will blossom in the luxuriance of beauty, joy and strength.

It will be found that the general system has run down by reason of the negative thoughts which have been held. The digestion is affected, the circulation impaired, the brain insufficiently nour-

ished and the nervous system itself suffering from imperfect nutrition and impaired blood supply. When you get to work in earnest all these things will begin to improve. The digestion will improve, thus enabling you to get sufficient nourishment; when you get sufficient nourishment, the blood supply will be increased and will improve in quantity and quality; when the blood supply is improved the brain will be better nourished and will be enabled to send stronger thought-impulses to the organs and parts, and the bodily health will improve; and when the nervous system is better nourished, by means of the improved blood supply, it will do much better work, and the old troubles will disappear. Start the machinery going properly, and the improvement is noted in all directions.

In treating yourself for Nervousness, first attend to the character of your thoughts, and get rid of Fear and Worry in the manner suggested above, and following the Auto-suggestion given later on in this article; then start to work and give yourself General Treatment for Equalizing the Circulation, following the instructions given in previous articles of this series. There is no better treatment for nervousness than this treatment for equalizing the circulation, for by this treatment every part of the body is nourished and strengthened, and the nerves are soothed and quieted, and a general feeling of rest and quiet and happiness is experienced immediately. Many persons have cured themselves of Insomnia and Sleeplessness by this method of treatment, and others have been able to quiet down extreme nervousness in themselves, and others, by this treatment alone. The very simplicity of the treatment prevents many from appreciating and realizing its value. This treatment is the result of years of thought and investigation of this subject, and is presented in such a simple form that a mere child could use it. The "proof of the pudding is in the eating," so try it for yourself, and then you will know more about it. I know of no better general treatment for relieving a condition of nervousness than my treatment for equalizing the circulation. Of course, one must remove the cause in order to "stay cured," but while you are curing yourself, you may as well get as much relief as possible, and each time you gain relief it gives you the power of storing up strength whereby you can get rid of the cause.

The following is a valuable Auto-Suggestion, or Affirmation to use in treating oneself for Nervousness:

"I am holding the thought of Peace, Harmony and Rest. I am quiet all over, from head to feet, and my nerve force is being distributed evenly and properly all over my body. I feel *strong*, STRONG, STRONG. My nerves are strong, and are growing stronger each day. I Fear nothing; I Worry about nothing. I see my way clear and I intend to follow it. I see my goal—HEALTH—and I am moving straight toward it. I feel Well, Strong, Energetic, Vigorous, full of Life, Health and Strength. I feel Bright, Cheerful and Happy, and I intend to hold to this feeling. Bright, Cheerful and Happy, Strong and Well. Bright, Cheerful and Happy, Strong and Well."

Repeat these words over and over again, as often as possible. The mere reading of them will make you feel much better. You will be surprised to feel how they affect you at once—immediately. These words will help you from the start, and will also assist you in growing the strong, healthy, positive, helpful thoughts that you desire. Try it, and see for yourself.

Immortality.

Man is an infinite little copy of God; that is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring forth out of my chaos. I make books, which are creations. I feel in myself that future life; I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever.

I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the symphonies of the worlds which invite me.

It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is historic. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, traditions, satire, ode and song. I have tried all, but I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn.—Victor Hugo.

"Forget It."*

By William Walker Atkinson.

ONE can often get some useful lesson from the slang and current phrases of the day. There is something particularly attractive to me about slang, and the pat phrases that are passed along from one to another on the streets. Many of these phrases condense in a few words certain practical truths that one could use as a basis for a sermon, an essay, or even a book. They are the practical experiences of the people crystallized in a catchy phrase. The phrase which I hear so frequently on the street just now, "Forget it," seems to me to contain much practical common sense, and if people would put it into practice there would be many more brighter faces—many more lighter hearts. What's the use, anyhow, of carrying around a long face or a heavy heart, just because away back in the past something "went wrong" with us, or even if we "went wrong" ourselves (and most of us have—I have, I know). What's the use? Forget it!

Of course you will not forget the experiences of the past, and you do not want to. That's one of the things we are living for—gaining experience. When we have once really learned a thing through experience, we never forget it—it is a part of us. But why bother about the memory of the pain, the mortification, the "slip-up," the heartache, the wounded feelings, the misplaced confidence, the thing done in the wrong way, the chance you let slip by, the folly, the sin, the misery, the "might-have-beens," and all the rest. Oh, what's the use? Forget it, I say, forget it.

If one is to worry about all the things that went wrong—all the things that didn't come right—in the past; if he has to take out each memory, every day, and after carefully dusting it off, fondle and caress it, and hug it close to his bosom; if he has to raise up these ghosts from the past—these phantoms of long ago—these musty, moth-eaten things—why he will have no time for the affairs of to-day. He will lose all the joy of the now—all the pleasure of life of the moment—all the interest in the things of to-day. Oh, dear, dear, what's the use? Forget it—forget it.

Some people are not happy unless they have some old faded sorrow hugged up close to their bosoms, and they feel guilty if they happen to smile and forget the old thing for even a moment. Oh, how they do gloat over their own revamped unhappiness—how they enjoy the reliving of the pains and sorrows, mistakes and ignorance of years gone by. How they love to hold the fox to their sides and let it eat out their heart. These people are really happy in the unhappiness, and life would not be worth living if they were deprived of their pet sorrows. Of course, if these people are really happy because they are unhappy, I have no objection. Every man or woman has the right to pursue happiness in his or her own way, and I suppose that that is as good a way as any other, and I should not find fault if somebody else's way is different from mine. But doesn't it seem like a pity to see people wasting their time, energy, thoughts and life on these old sorrows? If they must think of the past, why not think of the bright things that came into their lives, instead of the dark ones? Think of the moments of happiness, not of the moments of sorrow. Don't make a tomb of your mind. Don't let that particular painful experience poison your present life. Don't do it—don't do it. What's the use? Forget it.

Every bit of pain that has happened you has brought its experience to you—you are better, wiser and broader for it. Look at it in that way, and you will cease to mourn and wail and wring your hands over the fact that in the past you "have done those things which you ought not to have done, and have left undone those things which you ought to have done." Nonsense! You have gained the experience and know better now. If you were placed back in the same old position, and lacked the experience that you have gained by just such things, you would do the same old thing over again, and in the same old way. You couldn't help it, because you would be the same old person. What you would like to do would be to be placed back in the same old position, and face the same old temptation or problem, but you would want to take with you the experience you have gained by your former mistake. You want the cake and the penny at the same time. You want the experience without the pain. Oh, yes, you do, now, that's just what you want—I've been through it myself, and know all about it. You've gained the experience, be satisfied. Some day you'll need that experience, and will be glad you have it, and will see that it was worth all you've paid for it. No, you don't see it that way? Well, maybe you haven't had enough of it—haven't learned your lesson yet. If that is the case, some of these days the Law will drop you back into the pot, until you're well done. The Law is not satisfied with underdone people. Oh, you're

making a big mistake. Forget it—forget it.

The people who carry these old things around with them generally get themselves into the mental attitude that draws other things of the same sort to them. Misery likes company, and a miserable thought also likes companionship, and almost always manages to attract some other miserable thing to it, to keep it from being lonesome. The only way to get rid of a thought of this kind is to—forget it.

Now if you have some pet thing that is gnawing out your vitals—is corroding your heart—is poisoning your mind—take it out and look at it for the last time. Give it a last long lingering gaze. Kiss it good-bye. Weep over it if you like, for this is the last you will see of it. Then throw open the window of your mind and pitch it out into the outer darkness.

FORGET IT!

Do It Now.*

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

IF you have anything to do—do it. If you have any task to perform to-day—do it Now. If the matter cannot possibly be performed to-day, stop bothering about it, and get to work doing the things of to-day. But don't get into that miserable habit of putting off things until later in the day, or later in the week—do them *now*. The old proverb: "Procrastination is the thief of time," is true, but it does not go far enough. Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but the thief of energy—the thief of efficiency—the thief of success.

We have had much to say about living in the Now—about not dwelling in the past or fretting about the future. And all this is true, and I will probably say it over and over again during the year, because I believe in it, and wish you to get acquainted with the idea. But living in the Now does not merely mean the thinking of the thoughts of to-day—the carrying of the burdens of to-day—the meeting of the problems of to-day. It also means the doing of the WORK of to-day.

To attempt to carry last year's burdens—or next week's burdens—to-day, is folly of the worst kind, as you well know. But it is equally foolish to put off to-day's work until to-morrow. It's not treating to-morrow right—not giving it a chance. The Self of to-morrow is not exactly the Self of to-day. That is, it has grown a little and is the Self of to-day plus the added experience of the day. And it is just as selfish for the Self of to-day to attempt to throw his burdens upon the Self of to-morrow as it would be for you to attempt to throw your burdens upon your brother or sister. It is not only selfish, but it is hurtful to you—it impedes your growth. To-day's work is set before you because of the lesson it contains, and if you refuse to accept your lesson, you are the loser. You cannot get away from the task. It will be placed before you again and again until it is performed, and you might as well do it at once, and get your lesson at the proper time, and not be compelled like the school-boy to "catch-up" in his work. By putting off things until to-morrow, you are simply heaping up troubles for yourself to-morrow, as to-morrow's own work will have to be done as well as your leftover tasks, and the chances are that neither of them will be done properly. There's no sense whatever in this habit of procrastinating. It is folly of the worst kind.

And not only in the immediate effects is procrastination hurtful to one. One of the worst features of the case is the demoralizing effect it has upon the whole mental attitude of the man. It cultivates laziness, indecision, shiftlessness, slackness and many other undesirable habits of thought and action. It manifests itself in numberless ways in the character of the man who has allowed himself to be tangled in it. It impairs his efficiency—affects his value.

Then again, you are really unfair to yourself if you get in the way of putting off things. You never have any time to yourself if you have a number of old matters demanding your attention. The man who procrastinates is never able to spare time for mental improvement, because he always has some old loose ends to wind up—some old tangle to straighten out. And he loses all idea of the value of time—of getting the most out of every hour, every minute. The procrastinator is the veriest drudge—he has his nose to the grindstone all the time. He never has any time he can call his own. He is a slave to his own habit of "laying things aside." Poor man.

I am satisfied that half the failures of life—yes, three-quarters of them—are due to the failure of persons to do the thing Now. Not only because of what they lose directly by this habit, but because of the effect it produces upon their character. The shiftless habit of thought manifests itself in action. The thought and action, long persisted in, will lead to a demoralization of the entire character of the individual. He soon forgets how to do things right. And that is where so many people fail. The world is looking for people who

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can DO things—and who can Do Them Now.

If you are one of the procrastinating kind, start in at once and get over it. Put up a sign before your desk, your sewing machine, your work-bench, or wherever you spend most of your time, and have these words in big black letters on the sign:—"DO IT NOW!" By carrying the thought of this NOW way of doing things, and letting it manifest itself in action as frequently as possible, you will find that before long your entire mental attitude regarding work has changed, and you will find yourself doing things when they should be done, without any particular effort on your part. The mind can be trained and taught to do things right. It needs a little courage, a little perseverance, a little will-power, but the result will pay you for your trouble. Start in to cure yourself of this bad habit. Start in at once. Do it NOW.

Rules for Developing Psychic Power.

The following rules for inducing hyperconscious and clairvoyant states, based on the actual experience of a student of occultism, are given in a recent number of Two Worlds, which submits them with the suggestion that the reader come to his own conclusions by practical experiment. They are:

"Sit erect; do not lean against the back of chair. Let there be no unnecessary pressure on under part of limbs near knees. Let both feet rest on floor. Let left hand—wide open—rest on left limb. With finger of right hand press closed right nostril and compel breathing during concentration through left nostril.

"Look steadily, though without effort, at black spot on card. Count, allowing an inhalation and an exhalation to each number. Count 30 at each sitting during first day; 60 the second; afterward 80. Close the lips; separate teeth half inch. Think of nothing while concentrating except the counting.

"You may concentrate three, four or five times daily. Night and morning concentrations are indispensable. You will observe colors, lights, and probably forms; you will also notice a film of light intervene between you and the spot. It will be wavering at first. This film of light must be made to stand still. The consummation devoutly to be wished is that the black spot should absolutely disappear from the card.

"Color a black circular surface the size of a silver dollar; let this be at the center of a white cardboard 12x12. Sit in front of card and about six feet distant.

"Every night, upon retiring, dip a cloth, two and one-half inches wide and long enough to reach twice round the ankle, into cold water, wring out and bind around left ankle."

The Causeless Cause.*

By William Walker Atkinson.

"Thou great eternal Infinite, the great unbounded Whole.
Thy body is the Universe—thy spirit is the soul.
If thou dost fill immensity; if thou art all in all;
If thou were here before I was, I am not here at all.
How could I live outside of thee? Dost thou fill earth and air?
There surely is no place for me outside of everywhere.
If thou art God, and thou dost fill immensity of space,
Then I am God, think as you will, or else I have no place.
And if I have no place at all, or if I am not here,
'Banished' I surely cannot be, for then I be somewhere.
Then I must be a part of God, no matter if I'm small;
And if I'm not a part of him, there's no such God at all."

—Anonymous.

The human Intellect, unaided, is incapable of grasping the idea of a thing without a cause. And, likewise, it is unable to grasp the idea of a cause without a preceding cause. The human intellect adheres closely to the doctrine of the universal law of cause and effect, and finds it impossible to discard it or to admit that there is a single exception to that law, as such an exception would violate the law.

And yet the same intellect is unable to grasp the idea of an infinite chain of cause and effect—or to image the idea of the cause of a thing that had no beginning.

The intellect is forced to assume one of two things, (1) that there is a *first* cause, or (2) that the chain of cause and effect is infinite. And either conclusion leaves the Intellect in a poor position, because if it admits a *first* cause, its chain of cause and effect is broken; and if, on the contrary, it assumes that the chain of cause and effect is infinite, it is met with the fact that a thing that has no *beginning* can have no *cause*—that a *beginningless* thing is a *causeless* thing, besides which, as the Infinite cannot be grasped by the finite mind, it has, in its endeavor to avoid admitting that it could not explain things, given

an explanation which it, itself, cannot grasp or understand. Poor Intellect! It is the most valuable mental working instrument possessed by Man, yet when it makes the mistake of supposing that it is Man instead of one of his tools, it puts itself in a ridiculous position. It does not realize the wonderful possibilities before it; when blended with the thought emanating from the higher planes of the Mind, it will produce results now scarcely dreamt of except by those who have reached the higher planes of consciousness.

Because the Intellect has its limitations, we should not lose confidence in it, nor accept things told us by others which are contrary to Intellect, merely because someone else claims these things as truth. Accept the decision of the Intellect, unless you receive the truth from the higher consciousness, in which case it will not be *contrary* to Intellect, but will merely go *beyond* Intellect, teaching that which Intellect cannot grasp by itself, and then calling on Intellect to do its part of the work in carrying out the mutual task. Blind belief is a very different thing from inspiration—do not confound them.

I feel safe in saying that the Intellect, unaided, is incapable of grasping the idea of a Causeless Cause, but our higher consciousness is aware of the existence of that which the Intellect cannot grasp. Because the Intellect cannot conceive of a Cause without a preceding cause, it does not follow that no such thing exists. The blind man cannot image or understand color, but color exists. The fish at the bottom of the sea could not understand or image things on land, but those things exist. Nor could a man form a mental concept of Sugar, if he had never seen it or tasted anything sweet. It is all a matter of experience or consciousness, and without these things nothing can be understood. The Intellect, recognizing all its limitations, is capable of deciding matters within its own domain. When the time comes for us to know things outside of the domain of the Intellect, we find that we have higher states of consciousness than we have heretofore deemed possible, and we are able to make use of them.

On the Intellectual plane of consciousness, everything of which we have any knowledge has a preceding cause—every object a maker. And consequently, the Intellect, unaided, is unable to form a mental concept of a thing without a cause—a thing without a maker. This because it has had no experience of such a thing, and has no consciousness of the existence of such a thing. Therefore, Man can never form an Intellectual concept of GOD. He may believe in God, because he feels conscious of his existence, but he cannot through Intellect explain or understand the mystery. He will admit that God made Man, but he cannot answer the child's question: "But who made God?" And yet he is unable to form a mental concept of a thing without a cause—without a maker. For his assurance of God's existence he must go to a higher source of consciousness. Many men believe in God because they have been told that he existed—others feel in a dim consciousness of his existence—a *few* have attained to a *consciousness* of his existence; they *know* it.

As Man grows in Spiritual Consciousness he grows to recognize more and more clearly the *reality* of God. From blind belief to a glimmering of consciousness, then to a clearer conception, then to a dawning realization, then to a *knowing* of his being; then to a faint understanding of Him, and on and on and on. God is not known through the Intellect, but through the Higher Consciousness. And after He is known in this way, the Intellect starts to reconcile the objects on its plane to the new conception. Until Man knows everything, he will have need of Intellect to use as a tool, in connection with, and in harmony with, his higher source of knowledge. To a man who *knows* that God exists, no amount of argument to the contrary is of avail; and to the man who does not so *feel*, no amount of argument will create the feeling. It is something he must get from within, not from without. I am, of course, not speaking of any special conception of God. Some men who call it "Nature" have a higher conception of God than do others who think of God as a being with all the limitations of a man. Names matter nothing; it is the conception that shows what degree of God-consciousness a man has.

Mankind has had all sorts of ideas about God, ranging from that of the stick, stone or tree to the graven image, Sun, anthropomorphic being, up to higher concepts. But all men who ever worshiped a God, be it a stone, an idol, the sun, Joss, Baal, Brahma, Buddha, Isis, Jupiter, or Jehovah, worshiped in reality that Causeless Cause, glimpses of which came to him distorted by the imperfections of mental or spiritual vision of the worshiper. The gods of the primitive man seem very small to us as we look back upon them, and the gods of their successors seem but a slight improvement; in fact, some of them were possessed of less desirable attributes than the cruder ideal. It has been said that a man's God was simply a magnified image of himself, possessing all the attributes of the viewer. This is but another way of saying that a man's concept of God was but a reflection of his own state of spiritual consciousness and mental development. As an object

grows larger as one approaches it, so does God seem to grow as we draw nearer to Him. And yet, in both cases the change is not in the object, but in ourselves. If you know a man's idea of God, you know what he is himself, or rather what stage of growth he has reached.

The highest idea of God possessed by Man carries with it the attributes of OMNIPOTENCE, OMNISCIENCE, OMNIPRESENCE. Many persons admit this, and use these terms lightly, without having the faintest conception of their real meaning. Let us see what these words mean, and then perhaps we will understand better what we mean when we say: "God!"

OMNIPOTENT means all mighty; all powerful. This, of course, means God is possessed of all power; that all power is his; not some power, but all power; that there is no other power, and consequently all power is God's power. This leaves no room for any other power in the Universe, and consequently, all manifestations of power in the Universe must be forms of the power of God, whether we call the results of that manifestation of power "good" or "bad." It is all the work of God.

OMNISCIENCE means all knowing; all wise; all seeing. It means that God is possessed of all knowledge; that he knows everything; that there is no place that he cannot see; no thing that he does not know; no thing that he does not understand fully. If there is the slightest thing that God does not know; if there is the slightest thing he does not see; if there is the slightest thing he does not understand, then the word is meaningless. God knoweth, seeth and understandeth all things, and must have for all eternity. Such a being cannot make mistakes; cannot change its mind; cannot act or deal unjustly. Infinite Wisdom is there.

OMNIPRESENT means all present; everywhere present at the same time. It means that God is present in all space; all places; all things; all persons; in every atom of Spirit, Mind or Matter. If this is not true, then the word is meaningless. And if God is everywhere, there is no room for anything else. And if this is true, then everything must be a part of God—a part of a mighty Whole.

So you see that these words which we have been using so lightly, and carelessly mean everything. When we can see and feel the meaning of these three words, then we are beginning to understand something about the greatness of God. We, of course, cannot grasp with our finite minds more than the [illegible] apparent truths of this great Truth, but we are growing, we are growing.

If we will accept these three words—attributes of God—Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent, as meaning just what they *do* mean, we open up our minds to a wonderful inflow of knowledge regarding the nature of what we call God. We are able to see harmony where inharmony reigned—unity where diversity was present—peace where conflict was manifested. We will receive a flood of light on the subject, illuminating places that were before shrouded in darkness—making clear and understandable many dark sayings.

With this understanding of these words, we will see that God is the sum of all knowledge, and that we cannot charge ignorance to him on even the slightest point, or the greatest problem. He KNOWS all that is to be known—all that can be known. We will also see that all power is his; that there cannot be room for any power outside of his power, for he has all the power there is or can be. We can conceive of no power opposing the all power. All power must be vested in God, and all manifestation of power must come from him. We will also see that God being everywhere, he must be present in all things, people, places—in US. We will see that God dwells in the humblest object—that we are all parts of the Whole—parts of God's Universe. Small parts, it is true, but still parts—and even the smallest part is dear to the heart of the whole. The Whole is the sum of its parts, and all persons and things are but parts of the Whole. And no part can be greater than the Whole; and no part is equal to the Whole; and the Whole is the sum of the greatness of all its parts, Create and Uncreate. And we, the Create, cannot understand the Uncreate, to which the Create is but as the drop in the ocean.

All things are comprised in the idea of God—Spirit, Mind, Matter, Intelligence, Motion, Force, Life, Love, Justice. This idea of God—the Causeless Cause—has been held by men of all nations, tribes, races, countries, climes, ages. The sage, seer, philosopher, prophet, priest, scientist, of all times and peoples, here and there, scattered and few, saw this Truth—recognized the existence of the Whole, each expressing the thought by a different word. The religious man called this concept God; the philosopher and scientist, the First Cause, or the Unknowable, or the Absolute; the materialist, Nature; the mystic, Life. And the followers of the different creeds have variously called it Jehovah, Buddha, Brahma, Allah, and many other names. But they all mean the same thing. As the poet says:

"Some call it Evolution; others call it God."

And this great Whole, of which we are parts, how shall we regard it? Not with fear, surely, for why should a

part fear the Whole; why should the most humble atom in the body of the Universe fear the Soul that directed and governed the body? Why should the circumference fear the Centre? When we realize just what we are, and what relation we bear to the whole, we will find that "Love which passeth all understanding," for Him "in whom we live, and move and have our being."

The Calf Path.

One day through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should;

But made trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my mortal tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way.

And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep.

And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made,

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,

And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,

And through this winding woodway stalked
Because he wabbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;

This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,

Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.

And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street,

And this, before the men were ware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare,

And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about;

And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.

They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;

For thus such reverence is lent
To well established precedent.

A moral lesson this must teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach.

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,

And work away from sun to sun
And do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,

And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
Who saw that first primeval calf!

And many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

—Sam W. Foss.

"The Value of a Thought Cannot Be Told."

The century opens with strange innovations. The man who thinks is to the front in every line of work. There is no longer conservatism in the sense that was understood by the very respectable persons who, for the greater part of the nineteenth century, not only refused to apply reason to the conditions of life, but viewed with great disfavor any one who did. To-day the man who allows his mind to be free from prejudice—who seeks the truth, who measures every condition and combination by the exercise of intellect—is taking charge in every vocation of life. To follow old methods means mediocrity. There is scarcely a man prominent in business life to-day who does not owe his advancement to his courage in breaking away from the old and his ability to reason out actual conditions regardless of accepted traditions. From hour to hour we hear the crash of edifices built upon

the stupidity and pride of centuries. This is to be pre-eminently the century of innovation. The time has come when a real, virile, clean-cut idea is all-powerful.—John Brisben Walker, in Cosmopolitan.

Waiting.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time and fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
For what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights:
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

A Sweeping Change.

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"Desire."

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

No joy for which thy hungering heart has panted,
No hope it cherishes through waiting years,
But if tho' thou deserve it shall be granted,
For with each passionate wish the blessing nears.

Tune up the fine, strong instrument of thy being
To chord with thy dear hope, and do not tire.
When both in key and rhythm are agreeing,
Thou shalt kiss the lips of thy desire.

The thing thou cravest so waits in the distance,
Wrapt in the silences, unseen and dumb;
Essential to thy soul and thy existence—
Live worthy of it—call, and it shall come.

—*Hearst's Chicago American.*